Tick Tock, The Mouse Crawled In Your Smock

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Chapter 1 by John Lyman

Richard Gere was an art teacher at a local elementary school. As he said Week 1 each year: "Gear's the name, Smocks are the Real McCoy, and if you don't tighten your smocks tightely enough well then I guess you're just not a Tibetan like me and my handlers. The response was silent, the harms evidently lacking bite, so Richard Gere puncuated his US-THEM statement by erecting a tibetan flag with blood stains all over it.

"Woah, uhh, what are these. uh."

The confident overweight kid, you know the type -- "keep it up big boy" -- well he pointed out that one of the flags was actually a dead gerbil carcas with a poop-colored pelt.

"Yikes, pretty hard to deny the gerbil thing now tha tthis comes to light", said Agent Sculley. She was signing autographs for librarians next door, so she stopped by when she heard the commoton.

"Smock, Smock, Smock's the stuff" said Gere over and over again, head in hands, as he waited for TMZ to arrive. The Medical Zamboni took 10-12 minutes, and within 30 minutes an on-campus team had pulled the remaining gerbil-stuff from between his Geres.

Months later, at Cannes, I asked the Prime Munk -- Dalai Lamai -- if he was honored by Gere's uniquely sacrificial gift. Well Dalai Lama, that frying dutchman just laughed his nuts off over the whole ordeal. Once the laughter settled, he turned to me with a more somber tone and said "Vhat ees a.....Jherbil????"

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As the man made his way through the crowd, it was clear that this wasn't any normal man. It was a grotesque, humanoid creature that resembled a large cookie.

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